

The Frances Shimer Record

October, 1922



Mount Carroll, Illinois



Concerning Bills and Annuities

Have you remembered the School in your will? It has no resources except Mrs. Shimer's estate and its income from pupils. Use this form for bequest:

FORM OF LEGACY

also give and bequeath to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGOdollars for the purposes of the Academy as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor (or administrators) to pay said sum to the Treasurer of said Academy, taking his receipt therefor, withinmonths after my decease.

FORM OF A DEVISE OF REAL ESTATE

also give, bequeath, and devise to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO one certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing (here describe the premises with exactness and particularity) to be held and possessed by the said Academy, its successors and assigns forever, for the purposes specified in the Act of Incorporation.

Write the Dean concerning annuities.

* * * *

The Books of Account of this Institution are audited by Lybrand
Rose Brothers & Montgomery, chartered public accountants of New
York, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Chicago. The Treasurer, Dean and
Bookkeeper are under fidelity bonds

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The Frances Shimer Record

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EDITORIALS



Dedication

The new hall at this writing, December 4, 1922, is still in the hands of the contractor though the dining room has been in use since November 28. It is expected that the rooms for pupils and teachers will be occupied on January 3, 1923, at the opening, and that formal exercises will be held January 15. Further account of the building may be expected along with a picture, in the next issue of the Record.

Welcome "New Girls"

The opening of this school year has marked a number of changes in the organization of Frances Shimer. We have the largest enrollment in the history of the school; new courses have been added to the curriculum; and new books have been purchased. A cooperative spirit exists between teachers and students, and everything points to a happy and successful year for us. The building program, which involves the completion of the new William Parker McKee dormitory has compelled the school authorities to place most of the "old" college girls in rooms "off campus." Because we are not closely enough associated to stack the new girls' rooms and practice other little "get acquainted" stunts, we wish to extend through the Record our hearty welcome to all of you! We hope you will enjoy the Record, because it is your school paper. We know you will like F. S. S. and we wish you a successful year.

Pepitus

Every year there spreads through the student body a contagion called "Pep." Sometimes the pep germs do not escape until after Christmas, but this year they must have been hiding in the little jacket of the Soph's mascot, Peter Pep, himself, because almost every girl, old and new, is infected. The new girls were very susceptible for one thing,—they showed symptoms of 'Pepitus' the first day we met them. During Frosh week, the College girls proved themselves 'true blue' in sportsmanship. The crisis in Pepitus will occur about Thanksgiving, and we hope every girl will be filled with push, enthusiasm and school spirit. Pep continues to spread all year. One never convalesces for he "simply can't get over it." Don't try vaccination! Nobody knows how to do it here—and besides it simply wouldn't take!

Are You Triangular or Round

Which of the above figures would your room mate think you best represented? How many sides do you have when your polygon comes in contact with another, or are you the acute angle running into other peoples' sides? Perhaps already you have met girls at Frances Shimer whose personalities are acute angles, flying about at random and always running into some one else's angle. Sometimes the atmosphere of a hall seems almost alive with these 'angles,' and everybody around is uncomfortable and discontented and doesn't know why.

There were once two girls in F. S. S., who were put in the same room to live together during their first college year. Each had dreamed dreams of that wonderful experience. One girl had read only two books in her life, (and boasted of the fact.) She hated history, for example, because "it doesn't concern me." Her conversation was either about such and such a town and the 'darling' Fraternity fellows of a certain college, or about what she wanted to eat and wear. Now, the other girl devoured whatever book she could find, and smiled contemptuously at the mention of one of the opposite sex. She wore clothes with never a thought as to color or cut, and was so far removed from thoughts of food that she would stay home from a spread to read a new book. These girls lived together a year, but do you wonder that they left with triangular personalities slightly clipped at the edges?

Authors of mathematics tell us that the greater number of sides a figure has, the nearer that figure approaches the circle as its limit. No one needs to be a triangle. The more sides we add to our personality figure the nearer we will approach the circle of perfection. Don't you sometimes have to admit that you are perfectly 'at sea' when the Dean gives current events just because you have been 'too busy' to read the newspapers? Add another side to your triangle!

The other day a girl said, "O no one seems to like me—the girls all shup up when I come around." Had she seen the shape of her personality, she would have seen that she was a sharp pointed angle rounding off from their lines of interest. Any one whose conscious interest is in any one thing, no matter if that thing is history, rockey, religion, or "Frats" will have the same unfortunate experience.

Perhaps we have never given much serious thought to the shape of our personality. Even though few of us are students of Miss Bawden, we can draw our personalities to suit ourselves. Let us erase the sharp corners—let us be "All Round."

Punctuality

Perhaps a word on punctuality would not come amiss at this time. All of us have not been as prompt as we might be. I wonder how many of us realize the part promptness plays in life. The employer of a man applying for a position is influenced by the man's promptness, his business like manner and the way he approaches people.

Promptness is one of God's laws in nature. The sun is never a

half hour late in rising. The leaves never wait until late summer or early fall to come out on the trees.

All of the Academy and College Freshmen are looking to the Sophomores as a guide. College Sophs should be the ideal of the whole school. They are our model. Then let them and let us cultivate the habit of being prompt. Suppose we try getting up a little earlier in the morning and coming to breakfast looking fresh and neat. Let us all strive to perfect our school by being on time. This is the time of year when our habits are being formed and let us put forth more effort even though off campus, to improve our punctuality.

Adventures in Friendship

Is there a girl in Frances Shimer who has not some time wished there were more adventures to be had in the land of pirates, knights, and fairies? Our favorite pastime as children was a series of attempts to replace knights, fairies and magic to a rightful place in society. Ours was a dull world without dwarfs and giant peoples who possessed a power of enchantment over the commonplace.

There is one phase of the experimentation of those days in which we still find ourselves holding confidence, perhaps because the very youth of the age glows in it, in adventures called friendship. There are very few of us too bored with life to be interested in another's interests, another's good fortune, another's heartache. The few, (for there are a few) must be recreated here, for friendship at Frances Shimer is both a need and a possibility. We stroll across campus and we meet eons of girls, girls who know or could know the response to the stimulus of friendship with its mysteries and rewards. Every girl should keep a mental scrap book of her friends and friendships, and she will find that the memories grow dearer as time passes. The record could include a quaint story of introduction and trysting places, told to the accompaniment of old tunes not heard perhaps for years. The record of school friendships here might begin with an hour spent in study, a trip to see Katy, or a search for a golf ball. The mental record must contain the fragrance of a steak fry or two, and of long walks, for these are the things which friendship claims as its own.

Of course, in this adventure of friendship, we may find ourselves falling down a hole of mistaken relationship and we realize our adventure was a mistake. If the only interest which binds us to our friends is the "down town" habit, or if our companions have been used only as subjects to practise upon, then we form a dislike as strong as the first attraction and we are sure to be disappointed. If we admit our friends at "the front door" of our affection, often they will bring us a wealth of help and inspiration, but if we motion them to the back door because of clothes, lack of money, or "peculiarities," we will have nothing but misunderstanding.

Friendship is a mysteriously interesting road which has been traveled by many adventures. Let us commence our journey now, for it is full of merry fun, good will, and the common places of every day.



The Conspiracy

The region directly around Isaac Rosenbaum's Clothing Store was stormy and getting stormier every minute. The thoughts which were jumping about in Isaac's head ran somewhat like this: "No sales! No sales! Fifty-two assorted lots of silk waists, striped, dotted and plain—only \$1.98 each and not yun sold!"

The persistent Mr. Hawkenstein had already come twice to collect. But Iky had succeeded in warding him off for another month without paying. "Vat you vant, hey? Yust vait yun more tirty days un I half it for sure—I promees! Haf you ever known Ikey Rosenbaum to fail? I half de bright idee—yust gif me a leetle time!"

Well! Just one more month! Fifty-two waists on his hands—two months gone already and not one sold! How could he sell all in one more month? How could he make them appear so attractive that the Streeter Square feminine section would entreat their impassive husbands for just \$1.98? Iky hopelessly groped for a solution. Finally he closed his shop, pulled his overcoat higher about his neck to guard against the crisp spring winds, jammed his hands in his pockets and trudged slowly home in deep thought, shaking his head and muttering to himself.

It was late in the afternoon three weeks later that all Streeter Square was suddenly and effectively startled in its ordinary, busy business life. With one accord, all the feminine population, not to mention quite a number of the other sex, surged in one direction jostling each other in the mad effort to get to the front. They surged, I said, in one direction—the street corner upon which Lutie Levinsky stood, poised with confidence and ease, attired in the most gorgeous of spring costumes. Her chief charm, however, was her slender legs, for weren't they adorned with some unmatched green silk hose? Lutie looked about her, politely suppressed a yawn and a little satisfied smile and slowly turned and made her way down a side street with not a few people gaping after her.

One pair of small glittering eyes turned reluctantly back towards a window which had "Isaac Rosenbaum, Emporium" written in large flowing letters across it and the owner of the pair of eyes as reluctantly entered his store. But he had not been there ten minutes before the store was fairly packed with Streeter Square women demanding green silk stockings!

"But no! Vat you tink? I haf no green—no——! No green green—but here is brown and black—an' here, ladies! Come right ofer here! The best bargain of the season! Silk vaists—only \$1.98 apiece—yust tink—\$1.98! You do not know vat it iss I offer you—I gif them to you at—vat you tink—\$1.95!

But Iky's wonderful bargains did not appeal to Streeter Square women. So stubborn! Green silk hose or nothing! Would they never be satisfied?

When Iky was locking up the store the next night, after a trying day of sending away disappointed seekers after green hose, he wore an even gloomier look than that of three weeks before if that were possible. He gave a last sad look at the fifty-one waists (he had sold one to the butcher's wife) and was about to turn the key when a flood of light came over his face—here was a true inspiration! He hurried down the street forgetting this time to button his overcoat. Turning down a side-street, he walked hurriedly up to a little flat.

Lutie was interrupted in the act of powdering her pretty tilted nose by a quick rap on the door. Upon opening it, she was confronted by a breathless and bowing Ikey.

"Miss Lutie Levinsky? Could I haf a few minutes of your time to talk ofer some little bissness?"

Miss Levinsky smilingly assented and when Iky left her little flat it was with a grin of satisfaction.

The next day Streeter Square was again startled—this time more than before. For there—walking down the street was Miss Lutie Levinsky attired in one of Iky Rosenbaum's impossible silk waists! It was a most fetching one—large green dots on a purple background.

Iky was having the biggest moment of his life behind his counter. "Sorry, Mees, but thees so beautiful vaists haf gone up—yes, Mees, \$5.00. Big sales—you vant vun—two. Don't rush, ladies! Take your time! Yes yes Mees! \$8.50! Big sales!"

It was a tired Iky who closed his store that night an hour and a half late, but a triumphant one. He hurried down the side-street. Lutie greeted him with the usual smile—perhaps broader than usual.

"It vorked! It vorked! Fifty-one vaists and all sold! Lutie, you haf saved me! How can I repay you?"

"Iky——"

"Yes, Lutie."

"Would you like me to be your leetle advertiser for life?"

Did he want her? We'll let you answer that.

LAURA BARRETT, Academy '23.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Creeping o'er the woods and heather,
Wreathing crags with scarlet splendor,
Nature's gift for colder weather,
Lovely bitter-sweet.

IDA NICHOLSEN, College '24.

Berea College, Berea, Kentucky.
October 23, 1922.

Dear Frances Shimer Friends,

I was about to let it go without saying that I have missed you very much, but find that I can't quite do so. I suppose that I think of you every day, and often many times a day. I have tried not to talk too much about you, because you know how people always hate those who speak frequently of their past glories. It's a regret to me that I can't picture you just as you are, still less as you will be after a month or two, for I can't imagine the campus with the new building on it at all.

I'm having a most interesting time. Interesting seems to me the best word to describe it; and so when people ask me if I like it here as people always do ask—(you old girls know that you've put the question to every newcomer at F. S. S.) I answer that I'm very much interested. I think I haven't had a bored minute. Things new to me and entirely unexpected so often happen that I've ceased making up my mind; that appendage is like the sheet of blank paper you hear about in psychology. After I feel that I know the normal run of affairs I shall be better able to give an intelligent answer as to whether or not I like it.

Let me see if I can give you a general notion of what sort of institution this. It's privately endowed, and is dependent on its endowment and on gifts, for the students pay no tuition, just a very small fee—I think they amount to seven dollars a term in college, and a little less in the other schools. We have five different schools; they are the college, the normal school, the academy, the foundation school, and the vocational, which consists of a number of technical courses. A good many of the men in the vocational are ex-soldiers. The different schools are pretty distinctly separated, each having its own faculty and its own dormitories, dining-room, and class-room buildings. The college, which has about three hundred students, is the smallest of them all and has not for very many years given the full four-year course and the degree. And so it is in a sense the struggling one of them all in getting its course charted and its standards set. The institution as a whole started before the Civil War.

Because of this separation I see very little of any except college students, really nothing more than to look at them in chapel twice a week. That united chapel service is an impressive thing. The room is very large, of course, with galleries. At first, from the faculty bank on the platform, the faces looked like an indistinguishable mass to me; I find now that I can identify the students whom I know, though they sit in the rear. Right down in the middle of the front are the founda-

tion school boys, who hold my eyes most of the time. They vary greatly in age but are alike in being preternaturally serious-looking. I keep wondering if they are always as serious. For the most part they wear blue overalls; one seldom sees one of them in a coat. Two days a week each school has chapel by itself. I enjoy our college chapel very much. The dean is in charge, but various of the faculty men conduct the service, and they are varied and individual in their ways of doing it. There's always a talk in chapel, five days a week, which seems like a good deal; I suppose the idea is that the students have heard so little in their lives that it will be good for them to hear a good deal now. We now have a new and adequate room for college chapel, but until last week we met in a room considerably too small. Boys sat in the window sills and on the floor. Having once got in, we didn't rise until the service was over, because rising was too difficult a matter. There was no piano, and not enough hymn books, but everybody seemed to know all the words of all the stanzas. We have a comfortable way of singing them all right through, as a matter of course. Once a week the men of each school meet with the dean and the girls with the dean of women for that school. We do all kinds of things at those meetings. The student government councils transact their business, and we take up all sorts of things that are of special interest to girls. Our meetings are exceedingly informal because our dean is that sort of woman. I imagine that these chapel meetings differ greatly in the different groups.

You would be interested by our dining-room—and a little appalled by it. It's here in the girl's dormitory, and the men come too, so that we have the whole three hundred except the few that are working somewhere else at the time, and of course the town students. The room is much too small for so many, so that the tables (which seat ten) are closer together than those at F. S. S. ever thought of being. There are no table cloths—the tables have attractive oak tops—and the dishes are heavy, so that all things together the room can't be quiet. I think that they do pretty well to make no more noise than they do. The waiters are college boys. Every once in a while some one does a stunt. One night I noticed that all the waiters had retreated into the kitchen. Then there was a terrible din at the door, and they marched in. They had put the smallest of their number on the thing that in the kitchen corresponds to a tea-cart; I don't know what it's called; and they had hemmed him about with huge dish-drainers so that he looked like an animal in a cage. One was drawing him, and the rest marched behind making a horrific din on tin pans. This afternoon a football game had to be postponed on account of rain, and at lunch the girls cheered up the prevailing gloom by coming in wearing crepe paper fez-caps in red and black, the college colors. They circled about the room singing a gay little song to the team. Then of course after the girls were seated the boys stood and cheered for the girls.

I can't begin to tell you how beautiful the country is about here or how much we enjoy getting out into it. Last Monday I had a thrilling

trip with a party of girls. We went on a flat-topped wagon drawn by mules, and had a man from the farm drive us. I was thankful many times that he was a good driver, and that we had sure-footed mules instead of horses. Even so I preferred not to watch the roads. They are steep when you get into the mountains, and many of them are not roads at all, but empty stream beds piled with rocks. They are just a matter of course to the girls, and they don't act frightened; and so I tried to act as if they were a matter of course to me too. The beauty of the mountains was worth going over any kind of roads to see, however, especially now with the trees turning. We cooked bacon and made coffee when it came lunch time. As we finished lunch it was found that there was one doughnut left. They lined up the five thinnest people in the group, and divided it among us. Yesterday I had a delightful tramp and a good dinner (chicken) at the end of it. The institution owns a shack on top of one of the mountains, and parties of girls go up for week-ends. This last week-end party they invited another teacher and me to come for Sunday dinner. It's a walk of three or four miles each way, and most of the way slants up, but I tramped so much last summer and have kept it up so hard since I've been here that it honestly seemed only a step. Today I was going to tag along with the college geology class on an all-day trip (tramping), but the rain kept us all at home.

I should like to tell you a great deal about the students, who are exceedingly interesting, but I know how hard pressed the Record is for space, and I'm afraid that Mabel Morris will expurgate this anyhow. I must speak for a minute of the girls. Living in the dormitory I see a good deal of them, and I find them very enjoyable. They have lots of fun, but they're very gentle about it. I've never heard a din in the corridors, or heard them shout. Maybe one reason is that they work pretty hard. They really have a difficult problem before them; they each do some kind of remunerative work at least two hours a day; and with that they're trying to do college work and keep up outside activities and have the fun and social good times a college girl longs for. The result is that all these lines sometimes suffer a little, and what is more serious, the girl's health suffers. They call out one's interest and sympathy and love. But I'd like to see you F. S. S. girls and hear you whoop! Last year's college freshmen, for instance, who are, no doubt, weighed down with dignity and responsibility, or my Junior Round Table, who now act as Nebby's bodyguard!

Affectionately yours,

MAY B. SMITH.

P. S.—I'm busy, but I have plenty of time to read all the letters I get.

Night

I am alone on this quiet knoll, with the
moonlight playing

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

On the silvery leaves of the poplar trees in the
soft breeze swaying.

I am alone on this quiet knoll with the
stars above me,

Shining so high in the velvet sky. Oh
night, I love thee!

THEODORA MITCHELL, College '24.

Mr. Bulletin Board

Perhaps you have not thought of the many boards connected with our school life. The dusty blackboard is the one that we become conscious of first. The school board is constantly hovering over us. The girls in the halls compare the board at the School with the board they have been accustomed to at home. But best of all is the bit of board and cloth in Metcalf upon which we find various notices posted.

In Colonial times the town crier went to the public square to make public proclamation of sales, and, of strayed or lost goods. Today we hear our school crier tell of books, fountain pens, pencils, and pins that are "lost, strayed or stolen." Then we note a change in his tone. He has put off the impersonal manner of the herald and is now the gracious host inviting us to picnics, parties and class meetings. On occasion he is an enthusiast for sports and through his notices roots for tennis, golf, and basket ball games. In moments of leisure he even indulges in personalities and gossips about "who is who" among our honored alumnae. When in festive mood he doffs his sober suit of black and white and dons in its stead a poster, gay in color and striking in design.

But he is not always smiling. When we have not presented our vaccination certificate, when we have library books overdue, and when we have failed to give excuses for absences from class, he presents a severe aspect. And I must confess that there are times when his look is decidedly blank.

However he may feel, be it sober or gay, he is faithful to his post, throughout each day and each year. Day and night he is on duty, ready to give us a variety of news, and to answer our questions as what is going to happen next. His popularity is unquestioned, for a bevy of girls continually cluster about him. He offers a rendezvous for the idle, and none are too busy to stop and chat awhile. Even the faculty succumbs to the attractions he has to offer. Though they have heard what he has to say, they stop just the same to exchange news with him or some other member of the faculty.

Mr. Bulletin Board's future seems promising indeed. If he continues to satisfy the demands of his faithful followers who continually exclaim, "Is there anything new?" or "Is my name here?" his success is assured. For just as the town crier took the place of a newspaper, so does our school crier satisfy his faithful readers, and the circulation department takes care of itself.

JULIA BENSON, College '24.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

DECEMBER

Clear, cold, night;
Far away
A coyote's call
Vibrates, dies away.
A lonely cabin,
One blinking light,
A sombre forest
At the right.
Starry heavens,
Clean, white snow;
Stately pine trees
Whisper woe.
Shadowy shape,
Silent, gaunt,
Glides from the forest,
Flings out a taunt.
Answer in distance,
Far over snow,
Echoes, then silence,
Moon swings low.

EVELYN CAILLE, College '24.



"Who's Who Party"

The first Saturday night there is always the "Who's Who Party." This is the first social gathering of the year, and everyone tries to get acquainted. Pat Hardy and Gail Hubbell acted as the auctioneers of the party and auctioned off the new girls to the old girls.

During the evening Mabel Morris and Martha Barnhardt entertained us with readings, and Mabelle Mest sang. Then Romeo and Juliet appeared. This was given by Dorothea Van Oven, Della Hinshaw, Dorothy Duncan, and Alice Winston. We all left for our rooms at 9:30 feeling that we were well acquainted already.

Miss Poppe's Recital

Lovers of fine music were indeed fortunate in having again the opportunity of listening to this talented artist who appeared Monday evening in Metcalf Hall and presented a program of real beauty and interest. Miss Poppe had already established a firm reputation for herself at a previous concert here, and the recital Monday evening added to the reputation gained a year ago and demonstrated that she continues on the upward course of her career. In her, dignity and great charm of personality are joined to rich artistic gifts, and lend distinction and interest to everything she does. The variety of tone, delicacy of shading, the beauty and clarity of interpretation, all mark the devotion and sincerity with which she serves the highest ideals in music, and through the 'cello she expresses the poetic fancies of her imagination. Her program offered great opportunity for individuality of reading and included the early classic, the romantic, and the ultra-modern. The dainty Gavotte by Lully and the Glazounow Serenade were charmingly characteristic, while her reading of the lovely Boellman Variations was fine in conception and offered some of the most satisfying moments of the evening. The two movements from the Ornstein Sonata and Popper Rhapsody also showed how highly developed are her technical powers, enabling her to make light of their difficulties. Miss Poppe had the

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

cooperation of Agnes Blavka at the piano, who not only provided very reliable and artistic support on extremely brief notice, but who contributed to the program and the pleasure of the audience by a very musically performance of Chopin's G Minor Ballade and proved herself not only a worthy assistant to Miss Poppe but a soloist of exceptional talent. Both artists were generous with encores and both the familiar and unfamiliar were brought to light. It was a very fine recital and a worthy first in the artist series for the year.

Diversion Club

The first meeting of the Diversion Club was called for the purpose of electing officers. The result was as follows:

Betty Shattuck—President.

Gail Hubbell—Vice-President.

Elizabeth Briggs—Secretary.

Madge Hinshaw—Treasurer.

Miss Darrow will be the advisor again. The Diversion Club intends to do a great deal this year. It has already taken charge of one Saturday evening, which was a success. It gave a Juvenile Party in the gym, and little boys and girls had great fun on the teeter-totters and eating lolly-pops, Oh! Henry's, and ice cream cones. There were many features of interest to little ones such as the great magician, Zickie, the old-fashioned dancers, Dot Burke, and Helen Telfer, and the Scotch lad, Della Hinshaw. At the last there was dancing, which is always popular.

Movies

Thursday evening, Sept. 28, there was a movie in Chapel. The name of it was "Silas Marner." We enjoyed it very much.

Saturday evening, Octo. 22, was the date of the second movie, "Miss Lulu Betts." Since some of the girls played the piano between the reels, and since the play was very clever, the evening was happily spent.

Green Curtain Dramatic Club

The Green Curtain Dramatic Club has begun its work for this year. The work will be mainly a critical study of plays, acting, and coaching, with perhaps one or two public performances.

On October ninth, the old members gave a tea for their patron, Miss Morrison, and their honorary member, Miss Jacobson.

On October sixteenth, the new members took the formal pledge of membership, and, on the twenty-first, a party was given for them in connection with informal initiation. The first regular meeting will be held on November sixth.

The Club feels that with Miss Morrison and Miss Jacobson interested in its work and with the cooperation of all members that the Club will be even a greater success than it was last year.

Y. W. C. A. Boings

The Y. W. C. A. at F. S. S. started its activities of the year with a

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

School picnic. The School was divided up into groups of twenty groups, headed by a cabinet member, and two teachers. It rained, as it often does when a picnic is planned. As a result the various groups cooked their supper in Science Hall. After the meal, we all went to the gym and then we had a stunt show. Each group gave an act. After the stunts, we all danced for the remaining part of the evening.

The Social committee headed a rousing sing on October 12. It was held in the Chapel. All those who went know how much they enjoyed it and can not tell those who did not go how much they missed. You will get a number of chances to come and sing in the future months.

On October 13, the Y. W. C. A. had a visitor, who spoke to the School in Chapel. Her name was Miss Quayle and she came to interest us in the Student Friendship Fund. She gave us some understanding of the misery among students in Europe and suggested the great help even a little money could bring.

The Y. W. C. A. has just finished the membership drive. We are glad to say we have many new members and cordially invite all to attend our weekly meetings.

MacDowell Club

The officers of the Mac Dowell Club were elected at the end of last year with the exception of the Vice-President who was elected at the second meeting this year. The officers are:

Elizabeth Briggs—President.
Mabelle Mest—Vice-President.
Gail Hubbell—Secretary.
Margery Thompson—Treasurer.

Miss Schuster is the faculty advisor of this Club. The Mac Dowell Club studied opera last year and will choose one particular subject for this year's work. It is well started and organized and has one meeting each week.

The Literary Club

We have starting in our midst a new Literary Club. It is being sponsored by the Diversion Club, and plans to hold meetings on Monday afternoon with the idea of reading and discussing the latest books and plays.

The purpose of the Club is not only to promote interest in the best literature of the day, but also to enable the girls to converse upon it intelligently. On some of the meeting days the girls plan to bring their sewing. This, with the reading of a book the girls will really enjoy cannot help but be entertaining as well as beneficial.

The demand for an organization of this type has been very great and the movement is meeting with great success here. There is an abundance of talent and there is no reason why Frances Shimer cannot have a flourishing literary club. There are many girls here who can promote the welfare of such an organization. Every girl can be affili-

ated in some way in the different Frances Shimer clubs, so let us all "line up." The Literary Club is a commendable organization and deserves the hearty support of the students. Mutual benefit will be derived from it. Here's to the success of the Literary Club of F. S. S.

Bird Club

The Bird Club this year is just beginning to reorganize, and we hope to make a success of it. It will be managed differently from last year, for it will not be so large, that is, fewer members will be admitted.

We have not yet had an official meeting to elect new officers, but we hope to accomplish that this week. Then in the next edition of the Record, the names of the new officers will be printed.

Vesper Notes

The first Sunday night Mrs. Brown, Miss Brown's mother, was here. Mrs. Brown is director of religious education of the Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Massachusetts. She was very interesting and told of her work in such a way that we all felt we would like to help. We hope that Mrs. Brown will visit us again sometime and speak to us at another Vesper service.

Miss Morrison spent her summer vacation in Europe and while there she saw the Passion Play. October 1, the second Sunday night, she spoke to us and told us much about it. She created a great deal of interest in it, and now every girl here insists that she is going to see the next play given in Oberamaugau.

The next Sunday night, October 8, the Y. W. C. A. had charge of the Vesper service. Shirley Deen led the service. Mabel Morris told of the Conference that she had attended at Geneva this last summer. Alice Winston spoke of the work of the Y. W. C. A. of Frances Shimer and the different things the association intends to do this year.

October 15, Dean McKee led Vespers and spoke on, "The Place of Religion in Life." He reminded us that we must all work together, an idea which is certainly helpful to us all, here at Frances Shimer.

Miss Brown had charge of the Vesper service, October 22. Mrs. Wiswell was here and consented to sing again for us. The girls of last year remembered when she sang then and so were delighted when they heard that she was going to entertain us that evening. Mrs. Wiswell has a beautiful voice, and certainly made us happier with her singing.

Spook Party

Strange things do happen on All Spooks' Night, and sometimes the goblins and evil elves are at work many days sooner. Upon the Saturday night preceding Hallowe'en, College Hall was the scene of strange happenings and weird revelry. The ball-room was transformed into a spook palace. Gypsies, burglars, and ghosts were among the odd guests who crept up the side stairs and joined their silent fellow creatures in the upper hall. Promptly at seven thirty, a distinctly human sound was

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

heard—the Rochelle orchestra, and two by two the procession advanced into the den of ghosts. Are you superstitious? Wouldn't you walk backwards if black cats swung slowly from each light and skeletons, so real that their teeth almost chattered, dangled limply from the ceiling? Perhaps the results of this atmosphere would have been rather uncanny had it not been for the signal to unmask and enjoy the more human side of the evening's program. The dancing was interrupted by the entrance of two pale ghosts. One told a blood curdling tale of murder and we shuddered and shrieked at the horribleness of it. We think that the Juniors are responsible for our evening with the spooks. Anyway two Juniors presented in as favors little mice with curly tails. We hear that some of the girls betook themselves home at a lively speed from this mysterious party. Perhaps it was a terror of the "Veiled Woman." Perhaps, it was the cider. Who knows?

College Sophomore Class

The eighteen members of the College Sophomore Class met September 27, for organization. Miss Fairchild was unanimously elected to be our class counselor. Edith May Whitfield was elected president of the class, Betty Shattuck, Vice-President; Nelle Hall, Secretary; and Luella Harris, Treasurer. We are fortunate in having three town girls, Gertrude Moore, Ruth Kingery, and Helen Clark, as members of our class for the coming year.

A reception in honor of Miss Fairchild was held in College Hall dining-room, October first. The Sophs served coffee, (just like that mother makes), chocolate-ice cakes, and candy worth mentioning.

At the end of the three days of "Frosh Initiation," the Sophs gave a nine o'clock party to the Freshmen. They certainly deserved it! Mr. Frankie Frosh, a creation of the Sophomore class, was presented to the Freshmen in appreciation of their good sportsmanship during the three days of trial.

At a class meeting held October 6 the colors, "Purple and Gold," and the motto, "Be Square," were chosen.

On October 14 the Sophomores with their counselor, Miss Fairchild, and Miss Sweetil went to Point Rock Park where they had a steak fry. Much food was consumed and a good time enjoyed by everyone.

Watch the College Sophs! Though not great in numbers they are great in strength.

Freshmen Notes

Nine rahs for the largest and peppiest freshman class in the history of Frances Shimer!

The first meeting of the freshman class was held the second week of school. The following officers and counselor were elected for the year nineteen twenty two and three.

President—Virginia Varty.

Vice President—Elizabeth Briggs.

Secretary—Anita Nicholson.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Treasurer—Margaret Graham.

Counselor—Miss Neale.

The next big event for the freshmen was frosh week in all its green splendor. Hard and cruel were the blows and tasks inflicted on us by the superior Sophs. With hearts palpitating with fear we gave as our stunt a pantomime for their approval. Their highnesses were kind in their judgments and verdict.

At last frosh week was over and we put our tattered caps, of green and white, away in our memory books. The Sophomores gave us a delightful reception, and for the first time exhibited Frankie Frosh, which we will some day be proud to possess. Frosh week resulted in a strong bond of good fellowship and comradere between both classes.

On October twenty second the freshmen class entertained Miss Neale, our counselor. The time was spent in social talk and in making plans for the coming year. Light refreshments were served.

The freshman class is represented in nearly all of the activities, sports and organizations of Frances Shimer, and we as a class are going to do our level best to make the school proud of us.

Senior Class

Another Senior class of Frances Shimer has come to the front very much alive and hot for the fray, ready to uphold all the precious traditions of countless other Senior classes and to live up to their hopes and expectations.

Need I mention at length the most outstanding perhaps of all the traditions? Nobby, short for Nebuchadnezzar (this, for the benefit of the new girls who perhaps don't need any explanation after all) is the dearest and, without a grain of doubt, the most beautiful of grey elephants. Besides being the Senior mascot, he is the most popular person on campus and is all the rage on Thanksgiving and several other times during the year. Needless to say, we Seniors are jealous almost to the point of unreasonableness, of every little attention paid him by outsiders, but do you blame us?

You'll have to give us credit for knowing a good thing when we see it and for taking advantage of it. This time it is Miss Pierson who, we're proud to say, has consented to be our class counselor.

The officers are as follows:

Alice Winston—President.

Reva Wazar—Vice President.

Judith Aaron—Secretary.

Gail Hubbell—Treasurer.

We had our Senior spread, of course, where we all became better acquainted and realized more fully Miss Pierson's plans and ideals for the year. We are excited, too, about our pins, which we think are going to be mighty pretty.

If you will let us whisper in your ear, we will tell you that you won't lose a cent if you stake all you have on our word when we say

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

that we are going to give Miss Pierson some fine big chances to be proud of us.

Junior Nurses

There are seventeen enrolled in the Junior class this year. The following officers were elected: Evelyn Garvey, president, Madge Hinshaw, vice-president, and Ruth Barker, secretary and treasurer. Miss Swetil has kindly consented to be our counselor, and we hope to have a very successful year, even though we are small in number.

At a class meeting we decided to have a spread on the following Sunday night in honor of our counselor. Everyone enjoyed the evening in spite of the lack of proper eating utensils. After each one had satisfied her appetite, we made plans for the coming prom. This prom will be the first big thing we do this year, and we want to start the year in the right way.

On Friday afternoon September 29, after checking and re-checking class lists, the Sophomores were all gathered together. The only business of this, our first meeting, was to elect our counselor and class officers. We have chosen Miss Jacobson to guide us safely through our second year and we all feel as though we were very fortunate in having her accept. The officers for this year are:

President—Helen Telfer. Vice President—Elenora Kier.

Secretary and Treasurer—Martha Barnhart.

Wednesday, October 11, the Sophomores had a short business meeting. We planned a spread to be given the following Sunday night, but which later was postponed.

We decided to keep the same class colors as we had in our freshman year; and so once again we are working together under the "green and black." We also decided to have a definite time for class meetings; in the future we will meet the 1st and 3d Fridays in the month.

The first one of our monthly meetings was held Friday, October 20. There was no definite business to be discussed so we completed the plans for the spread to be given Sunday, October 22.

After Vespers, Sunday night, we entertained our counselor, Miss Jacobson. The spread was held in Students' Parlor in West Hall. "Katie's Food for the Gods" and ice cream and cake and nuts and candy, were of course the center of attraction. Two of our members could not be present, but the eighteen who were there, showed their loyal, peppy class spirits enough to make us look forward to many happy times together this year. Sh-sh-sh!! the Sophomores are planning a luncheon at Katie's for Monday, but plans aren't complete.

Last, but not least, the Academy Freshmen have organized. The officers are: Jeanette Smith, President; Rosalyn Manaster, Vice President; and Grace Thompson, Secretary and Treasurer. Miss Kesson is class counselor.

Our activities as yet are of no great importance, but we intend to make our class a good one, having the right spirit from every member. We hope that four years from now we can all be together and still carry the same Frances Shimer loyalty.



ATHLETICS

A most successful meeting of the Athletic Association was held in Metcalf Hall. We liked the way the girls turned out, and we liked the way they elected their officers. This year the organization will lead us through an enthusiastic term. The leaders are:

Elizabeth Wiswell, A. '23.—President.

Marjorie Thompson, C. '23.—Vice President.

Alice Winston, A. '23.—Secretary.

Laura Barrett, A. '23.—Treasurer.

The following were put in to lead the various departments of F. S. S. Athletics:

Edith Mae Whitfield—Golf.

Gayle Hubbell—Tennis.

Virginia Harrington—Basket Ball.

Judith Aaron—Captain Ball.

Evelyn Garvey—Track.

Helen Telfer—Base Ball.

It has been rumored that Hockey is going to replace Captain Ball as our Thanksgiving Day game. The weather has been ideal for the new sport and everyone has taken it up courageously. As long as we can stay out on the open field without getting benumbed hands and a stiffly frozen goal-keeper, we are unanimously for the game. So, "Stay with us, ye warm days!"

Hockey, as our most recent addition in the line of Athletics, has met with complete success. We know that more than half the credit is due Miss Sweetil, the gym instructor, and we hand it to her enthusiastically.

Let's refrain from getting too ambitious or too personal with our sticks. Mrs. Sweatt has housed and cared for three of the "star participants" already. Confine golf to its "greens" and "tees" and let's be "gentle" on the hockey field.

Did you ever see or feel a foot-ball? Well, if you'll just walk about the quadrangle most any afternoon between sports-engagements, you'll encounter several fairy figures hurling the pig-skin. It's quite noticeable that some are better than others and others are better than some. Go to it, girls! We mustn't neglect the development of our pedal extremities just because we labor diligently on the development

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

of our intelligent faculties at the other end. Some are for the latter, while others possibly believe in the other.

Judie Aaron, Lib Crowell and Dottie Burke have been inmates of the infirmary as a result of their hockey feats. They emerged after some time with four legs—and—say! Weren't they agile?

Track does not begin until spring—but when it does, it's jolly sport to see who can run the fastest, who can jump the highest, and all the other antics which are lots of fun. So—when spring comes, don't forget Track.

Come on Academy! Come on College! Let's make this year's Basket Ball season the best in the history of F. S. S. Show your pep and make your team win. Basket Ball starts soon. We have a Junior-Senior game, and a College-Academy one. If you haven't a chance for the school team, make the class team. All of us can get some fun out of Basket Ball even if we all can't make a team, but everyone has a chance if she works. Let's do our best and make F. S. S. proud of us!!

Tennis has proved a popular sport already this year. The courts are full every evening after school, and all day Monday. The school has bought a new tennis net and tape for our court, besides repairing back stops. Just one more thing—everyone please take in the nets, when she has finished playing. In doing so, the work for one person of taking in four nets every evening, is avoided. Thanks!

There has been a great deal of interest taken in golf this year and it looks very much as though there will be an interesting and exciting golf tournament in the spring. Golf is one of the most popular games and in the spring it acquires a large number of new enthusiasts. Right now, when we are having these wonderful days, is the time to go out and play around the course. Play as well and hard as you can. If you have never played before, there are many more in the "same boat," and there is always someone there who is willing to help you. Frances Shimer is one of the few schools which supports a golf course, and we ought to be glad we have such a good opportunity to learn to play this universally popular game of today. Take advantage of the course and learn to play golf.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD



Frances Shimer School
October 30, 1922.

Dear Snookey,

How are you? I am fine. I have started to write before, but my studies keep me pretty busy.

My roommate is very nice, but I have to clean the room once a week; so we get along fine. We go to bed at 9:30 at night and get up at six-thirty in the morning. We have cereal every day, sometimes muffins and jam and boiled eggs or bacon.

Wednesday, we have the latter and have Lord's prayer in chapel and ice cream.

We have ice cream Sundays, too, when we go to church and Vespers in the evening at chapel.

The darlinest girl sits across from me at the table. I wrote her a note once three weeks ago. She hasn't answered yet.

"Morrey," that's the principal, asks the blessing every meal and the other day I sat down before the amen.

She bawled me out for going to Katie's, which is off campus and a place to eat. Now it's the piggery across and over a hill; therefore you can't be seen.

Our dean reads us pieces out of the paper every Tuesday; he's real accommodating as we don't get time to read. Two girls had to wear crutches for the longest time. Got hurt in gym, which is awful hard.

We had a transom bang, but I guess we won't have any more, because we all got shut up in our rooms. 'Twas awful much like prison, even had numbers on our doors.

They make a big fuss here about Nebby who is an elephant and the Seniors' mascot. Never have seen him. They all say wait until Thanksgiving to see him. Wonder why the Juniors are so crazy to see him? I'd much prefer turkey on Thanksgiving and they say we only have chicken which is an awful shame.

Please answer soon and I'll write when there is more excitement.

Yours truly,

By Della Hinshaw

Hepzibah

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

CAN YOU IMAGINE—

Marg. with coal black hair?
Zickie with a baby stare?
Harrington not going to the gym?
Betty Irwin not thinking of him?
Ally Win meek and mild?
Lillums Howard a trifle wild?
Dorry Johnston without her drawl?
Sue ——— quiet in the hall?
Burkie and Garvie sentimental?
Della without her smile so dental?
Helen Dearborn without any wail?
Frances Berns as thin as a rail?

The girls as quiet as the faculty wishes them to be?
These things, methinks we'll never see.

IN CHEMISTRY CLASS—Alice: How on earth, Miss Brown, can you get air into this test tube—blow in it?

FAMOUS SLIPS

Father's ——— per.
S ——— pery elm.
Pillow ———.
"Morreys" ———.
Banna peels.

OLGA ON SHIP GOING TO EUROPE—"Are these binoculars very powerful?"

Sailor: "Miss, these glasses bring things up so close that everything less than ten miles away looks like it is behind you."

IN MUSIC HISTORY—

Miss Kesson: "What was Scarlatti noted for?"
Student: "He had two pupils."

Why is Evelyn Black?
Why is Rachel Brown?
When was Florence Kiser?
Where is Nelle Hall?
What did Leota Blow?
Has Florence McKee?
Who said, Iva Newburn?
Is Helen Hardy?
Where was Bill Coleman?
Of what town is Melba Marshall?
Where did Edith Neale?

You can tree frogs and string beans, but you can't kid gloves.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Little trips to Katie's just to break a rule
Little Piggery visits cause it is so near the school,
A little spree, a little fun
O now my story's just begun.
 A little ill
 A little pill
 Yes, I'm here,
 But my dear
While at this school I'll break no rule.

"Did you hear the one about the mouse trap?"
"No."
"It's snappy."

FOOLISH QUESTIONS—Did You Ever See—

A cement walk?
A Sugar bowl?
A fox trot?
A strawberry box?

Ever Hear—

Of a window pain?
A tennis racket?
An ear drum?

Miss Morrison: This is the third time you've been late to breakfast.
Don't you know you can't stay the flight of time?

Madge: I don't know, I just stopped a couple of minutes up stairs.

Miss Neale: Put the paper you receive on top of what you get.

Hutch: Madge says ill health always attacks one's weakest spots.

Rose: (Sweetly). You do have a lot of headaches, don't you?

The College frosh, for three long days,
Were made by the Sophs. to act in strange ways.
To get down on their knees with hand high in air.
(This sure made Academy students stare).
The frosh lined up and bowed with grace
When met by a Sophomore face to face.
But those days have long since passed.
And the frosh are all glad they're initiated at last.

Florence Rice.

An "If" For Frances Shimer

If you keep your clothes when all about you are losing theirs, and
blaming it on to you;

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

IF you can hold a door for teachers and make allowance for their stopping too,

IF you can keep from using "gosh" and stay three days a hen pecked "frosch," or sit on campus all day Sunday and be consoled by tomorrow's being Monday.

IF you can master French, physics and Latin, wear gingham when you much prefer a satin,

IF to Morrey you can always defer, yet ne'er be out of sorts with her,

IF you can sit thru the Dean's speeches, and grasp the height to which he reaches,

IF in a captain ball game you laugh at your loss, and ne'er count the price your defeat has cost—

You'll be perfection and next time you'll win it and Frances Shimer will be yours, and all that's in it.

ELEANOR WELCH, College '24.

What Shall I Wear Today?

My room-mate is so very dear
But still, she's also very queer,
For with the dawn of each new morn
The same old tho't anew is born
What shall I wear today?

She'll stand within the closet door,
She has almost worn a hole in the floor,
Suggesting lightly, pondering deeply,
Then to me she'll say so sweetly
What shall I wear today?

Alas, in vain do I suggest
My own idea of what is best,
But still she thinks and gazes more
Flinging aside clothes I adore
With—What shall I wear today?

EVELYN SCHMIDT.

Wanted

My voice—Edith Mae.
A permanent wave—Dunk.
Stairs that don't creak—"The Bunkers."
A player piano—Gym.
Voices ever sweet and low—Leona and Beth.

Miss DuBois: "Where is the charter of Massachusetts?"

Kathryn Wilke: "In Winthrop's chest."

Warning to Freshmen (Academy and College): If there should be

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

a fire. DON'T RUN! Green things don't burn.

To Whom it May Concern:

Now all you girls just listen to me,

Doncha ever try to bluff your history,

'Cause if you do, beyond a doubt

You'll get a "Please See Me" or just—"flunked out!"

Some people are so dumb they think South Bend is a morning exercise.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Molly Womack Zostraw, '18 lives in Birmingham, Michigan, a suburb of Detroit. She is the proud mother of a son and daughter, James Womack and Sally Frances.

Nancy Brown arrived last January at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt S. Brown (Gretchen Smith '18) in Minneapolis.

Julia Deer, College '19-'20 was recently appointed instructor in Public Speaking in the High School at Crawfordville, Ind.

Frances Rosenstock, '17-'19 is the leader of the Berkeley Sextette, a musical organization identified with the Dominion of Canada Chautauqua Company. At present they are touring the western provinces.

Mary Fry, '09 is spending the year at the University of Iowa, taking special courses in Home Economics.

Elizabeth Miles, '21 (Expression) daughter of Grace Coleman Miles, '85 is a sophomore at Wellesley College.

Mrs. Allen died at her home in Pekin on July 31, after a lingering illness. During the five years she served as Nurse at Frances Shimer, Mrs. Allen endeared herself to many girls who will be saddened to learn of her death. During a long period of work with young people as teacher, and as school nurse, she inspired many lives.

Ruth Deets Miller '03 of Sunnyside, Washington, writes of her plan to be back for the twentieth anniversary re-union of her class next Alumnae Day.

Marie Melgaard, College '15 spent the summer in Europe, including a ten day trip through the fjords of Norway and a visit at her ancestral home in that country.

Joyce Gardner, '17-'20 of Hove, England, sends a view of Roedean College, a girls school in Brighton, which she writes "is not a patch on Frances Shimer!"

Lucille Smith, College '21 writes that in addition to taking sixteen hours work at the University of Iowa, she is teaching two hours a week at Perkins Hospital and working in W. A. A. and Y. W.

Agnes Prentice, '15 who is Assistant Hostess at Ida Noyes Hall at the University of Chicago, was in Europe three months this summer, half of which she spent in Spain.

Echo Lewis Stirling, '07, has recently moved from Morrison, Ill., to Minneapolis, Minn.

Faith Riechelt, '20 is an Alpha Chi Omega pledge at Northwestern University.

Jeanne Boyd, '10 spent the summer at the MacDowell Colony in Peterboro, New Hampshire, to which she was elected upon the recommendation of Eric DeLamarter, composer, of Chicago. On May 5 a testimonial recital of her own compositions was given in Chicago under the auspices of Lyceum Arts Conservatory, where Miss Boyd is a member of the faculty. Miss Boyd was assisted in the program by nine artists among whom was Maude Hagberg Okkelberg, former instructor in Piano at Frances Shimer.

Bessie Kingery Beck, '05 sends greetings to all her Frances Shimer friends from her home in East Amherst, N. Y.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Married

Elizabeth Ashword Whipple, '22 to Mr. Clifford Arthur McTaggart. July 18, at Oak Park, Illinois.

Catherine Beatrice Brown, '18 to Dr. Hugh E. Black on July 27 at La Salle, Ill. At Home 13th Street & Argyle Road, La Salle.

Joan Philbrook Crocker, College 16-'18 to John Evans Mac Wherter on Augst 10th at Maroa, Illinois. At Home, Enos Apartments, Alton, Illinois.

Ruth Miles, '18 to Mr. Lawrence Miller on June 24th at Mt. Carroll, Ill. At Home, 230 South Lincoln Street, Kent, Ohio.

Marian Burr, '17 to Ralph Winslow Johnson on September 26, 1922, at Akron, Ohio.

Helene Holloway, '18 to Mr. Robert Louis Beitner on August 28, 1922, at Marysville, California. At Home, 607 Niles Ave., South Bend, Indiana.

Lois Waite, '16 to Dr. Herman North Leonard, on August 19, 1922, at El Paso. At Home, Fairbury, Illinois.

Mariam Flint, '15 to Mr. John Halbrook Crocker, on August 23, 1922, at Round Lake, Minnesota. At Home, Maroa, Illinois.

Virginia Lloyd Wales, '17 to Mr. George D. Bushnell on Saturday, October 21, 1922, at Winnetka, Illinois.

Births

To Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Alanson Sawyer, (Martha Green '10) a son, George Alanson on July 20, 1922, at Ann Arbor, Michigan.

To Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Ivan Stiles, (Dora Spath '13-'14) a son, Robert Gregory on May 28, at Cocoanut Grove, Florida.

To Captain and Mrs. Porter Pise Wiggins, (Doris Leach '13) a son, Porter Pise, Junior, on July 3, at San Juan, Porto Rico.

To Rev. and Mrs. Geo. C. Fetter, a son, George Ames, on Aug. 16, at Chicago.

To Mr. and Mrs. Fred F. Metten, (Aubrey Milton '14-'15) a daughter, Jeanne Renee on June 5 at Oakland, California.

To Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Ewart, (Thelma Coffey '15-'17) a daughter, Thelma Jane, on Tuesday, October 10, 1922, El Paso, Texas.

To Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Hostetter, (Florence Englebrecht '14) a daughter, Janette, June 18, Mt. Carroll, Illinois.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

*Mildred Fitch
 Mary Frey
 *Lois Hibbs
 *Wilma Murrow
 *Iola Runyon
 Margaret Sayers
 *Lucile Smith
 *Mildred Walker
 *Martha Walker
 Leone Wiggins

UNIVERSITY OF INDIANA

*Ruth Williamson
 Lois Keller

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

*Edna Asmus
 *Helen Bloomer
 *Edna Gillogly
 Elizabeth Griffin
 Florence Hunt
 Priscilla Kizer
 *Mary Rebekah Pratt

KNOX COLLEGE

*Leah Durkee
 Helen Pratt (Conservatory)

IOWA STATE COLLEGE

*Sara Ann Brown
 *Helen Welty

MARYVILLE COLLEGE

*Alice McAnulty

*Madge Dynes
 *Thelma Fox
 *Margaret Knox
 *Dorothy Redeker
 *Florence Schweitzer
 *Monica Wells

NORTHERN MICHIGAN STATE NORMAL

*Margaret Palmer

UNIVERSITY OF DES MOINES

*Lucia Ann Nupson
 TOLEDO (OHIO) NORMAL

*Bess Kirtley

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

*Frances Gorsline
 *Carlotta Squier

MILLS COLLEGE

Mary Warfield
 JAMES MILLIKIN UNIVERSITY

*Kathryn Priestly

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

*Constance Puffer
 *Mildred Tingdale

UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA

*Marjorie Boyd Smith

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

Mildred Bodach
 Ruth Cornelius

*Marjorie Garvey
 Faith Reichelt

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Mt. Carroll,

Ill.

Office Hours from 1 to 3-7 to 8 P. M.

The Scattered Family

Ann B. Grimes, College '12, is bond salesman with Merrill, Lynch & Co., 120 Broadway, New York City.

Mary Gould Brooke, '85-'87, in addition to other community service, is serving as President of the Library Board at her home in Eaton, Ohio.

Beulah Bondy '04-'06 who five years ago made her professional debut in the role of an old lady—the famous Miss Mattie in Cranford—in the Chicago Little Theater is now a member of Stuart Walker's Company playing important character roles, specializing in old ladies' parts. She played with great success the role of the Old Woman in John Millington Synge's beautiful Irish play "Deidre of the Sorrows" in its first American performance. During the past summer she has been with Mr. Walker's Company in Cincinnati.

Julia Sword, '12 who is director of the social service work in the Raue-Mack Factories in Cincinnati writes "I am still as busy as ever with my work. We have managed to keep going during the industrial depression without the loss of a day—pushing production in order to cut the overhead expense and thus lower the price of the product. I shall be glad to see any Frances Shimer people who may be in this vicinity." Miss Sword's address is 421 Ludlow Ave.

Greetings were recovered from Jane Miles Huckins '21 from various points in Europe where she spent the summer on her wedding journey. She writes of an audience with the pope, that was both picturesque and interesting.

Ivy Caldwell Goodman '11 writes of attending a re-union luncheon of former Frances Shimer girls in New York City in June while on a motor trip.

Frances Gorsline, College '21-'22 was presented in a violin recital in June at her home at Battle Creek, Michigan, of the Conservatory of Music there. Genevieve Freeman, '21 was at the piano as accompanist.

Lorraine Freeman, '19-'21 spent the summer in the mountains of Colorado, camping and sketching.

Margaret Eastabrooks, '22 has entered the Nurses Training School in connection with the Iowa Methodist Hospital in Des Moines, Iowa.

Myrtle Lewis Wheelock '09 in renewing her subscription to the Record tells of her change of residence from Jerseyville to Libertyville.

Wanda Evans, College '24 writes that she was granted Junior standing in the University of Iowa, where she will major in English with minor work in Spanish.

Crete Hamilton, College '16-'17 is now Director of the Crete Hamilton Laboratories at Mt. Vernon, Illinois. The works of the laboratories includes bacteriological, serological, and blood chemical examinations; fluoroscopy and radiographs.

Ruth Davenport, '16-'17, was married last June to Mr. J. H. Zuerbrigen at her home in Norfolk, Nebraska, where she will continue to reside.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Isabelle Evans, '18-'19 and her mother were killed instantly, and her brother fatally injured recently when their sedan was struck by an express electric car on a grade crossing at their home in Gary, Indiana.

Katherine Marshall Hinchliff, '17 is living temporarily in New York City, but plans to return to South America in January, where her husband goes on a business trip of six or eight months in the interest of the firm of which he is a member.

Grace Wong, '22 after spending her vacation at the Summer School at Harvard, is now studying in the Conservatory of Music at Oberlin, where she is happy and very busy in her work. She was recently elected Recording Secretary of the Chinese Club of twenty-nine members at Oberlin College.

Helen Smith, '21 is doing secretarial work at her home in Imperial, Nebraska.

Dell Henry, '16 after serving two years as assistant chemist for Armour & Co. in Kansas City, continued her work in The University of Chicago from which she was graduated in June. In November she will take the Government Civil Service Examinations for a position in Research Work in the Biological Division in Washington.

H. May Cale '08 is at home with her parents in McDonald, Kansas, looking after the business interests of her father, who is in feeble health.

Lila Moore Harp, '08 writes from her home in Pleasantville, where she continues "to carry on" an Iowa farm.

Gladys Bennett Albert, '15 is happily settled in Reinbeck, Iowa, "washing two plates three times a day."

Lillian Clemmer, '82 and Jessie Campbell, '07 spent several weeks during the summer travelling in Alaska.

Ruby Worner, '17 received the Master of Science degree at the summer convocation of the University of Chicago. At present she is doing work towards the Ph. D. degree, majoring in Chemistry and minoring in Physics.

Alice Glover, '21 is private secretary to the pastor of the Congregational Church in Elgin, Illinois.

Catherine Morrasy Sill, '15 has recently moved to Dallas, Texas, where her husband is district sales manager for Dodge Bros. Auto.

Glee Hastings, '11-'12 who is Director of Orphanages for the Near East Relief in Constantinople has been decorated by the Sultan of Turkey.

A reunion of France Shimer friends in New York occurred at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harper McKee in Forest Hills, Long Island, in June. Those present were Mabel Hughes McKee '14, Dean McKee, Rosabel Glass '99, Mabel Glass Kingsbury '96-'99, Anne Grimes '12, Catherine Creager Gaus '14, Celestine Dahmen '15, Vesta Grimes Giles '11, Harriet Wilk Jarrson '13-'14, Margaret McKee '19, Florence Turney McKee '94.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Frances Shimer Students at Institutions of Higher Learning.

November, 1922. (Academic Graduates or College girls with advanced standing, or with one year here immediately preceding entrance to college. Those with advanced standing are marked *)

BELOIT COLLEGE

Elizabeth Foster
Elizabeth Sayles
Willa von Oven

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Hila Jalbert
Vera Laub

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

*Mary Blanchard
*Helen Carr
*Myrtle Hall
*Elizabeth Jackson
*Martha Skinner
*Dorothea Sorensen
Ruby Worner

COE COLLEGE

*Esther Peterson

DRAKE UNIVERSITY

Maxine McMahon
*Wilma Willett

EMERSON COLLEGE of ORATORY

Kathrena Williams

FRANCES SHIMER JUNIOR COLLEGE

Alice Dean
Helene O'Boyle
Virginia Varty

GRINNELL COLLEGE

*Veta Baker
Bernice Rayburn

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE

Mary Dudley

IOWA STATE TEACHERS' COLLEGE

*Ethel Rench

UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

*Margaret Avery
*Wanda Evans

OBERLIN COLLEGE

Martha Hurd
Pauline Tripp
Grace Wong (Conservatory)

UNIVERSITY OF OMAHA

*Alice Douglas

PURDUE UNIVERSITY

Mary Salome Pfleeger

ROCKFORD COLLEGE

*Emily Taylor
*Lillian Musmaker

RUSSELL SAGE COLLEGE

Jessie Dodd

SARGENT SCHOOL PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Marion Hopkins
Elizaeth Kneeland
Eleanor Swett

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE

Marion Crane

SMITH COLLEGE

Virginia Carr
Louise Featherstone
Laura Frazier
Margaret McKee

WASHBURN COLLEGE

*Pauline Flickinger

VASSAR COLLEGE

Charlotte Hageman

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

*Louise Burnell

WESTERN RESERVE COLLEGE FOR HOME ECO.

Ruth King

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

*Mabel Daugherty
*Annis Daly
*Lola Dynes

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FOUNDED 1853

THIS is one of the best-equipped schools for girls in the West. The standard of scholarship is high. College Department, offering diploma at the end of the Junior College Course of two years. Advanced standing for Junior College work given by leading universities. College Preparatory and General Courses. Music, Art, Domestic Science, Physical Culture, and Expression. Both Junior College and Academy are members of the North Central Association.

The buildings are nine in number, solidly constructed of brick and stone. They were designed strictly for school purposes, and have modern conveniences and appointments. The location, 127 miles west of Chicago, is very picturesque and is noted for its healthfulness. The grounds, consisting of thirty-five acres, are very attractive and are beautified by well-kept lawns and noble trees, many planted over a half century ago. Nine-hole golf course, tennis and hockey; gymnasium; all athletic work under the direction of a competent instructor. School hospital. Science Hall for Home Economics, Chemistry and other Sciences. Rate \$600.00.

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RED W. M. P. MCKEE, Dean

Mt. Carroll, Illinois